

Is the World Growing Better?

By Henry van Dyke

There are few men who would not be presuming in answering this question. Henry van Dyke, preacher, educator, humanitarian, man of letters, treats this question clearly, frankly, truly, in the December number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

As back numbers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE are out of print, the previous chapters of Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance"—contained in the numbers from July to November inclusive—are republished in a pamphlet, at 25 cents a copy. This pamphlet (eighty pages) will be sent free to any new subscriber to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE who requests it and who sends one dollar for a year's subscription beginning with the December number. Address The Ridgway-Thayer Company, Union Square, New York City.

Everybody's Magazine

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BIG MONEY IN FOOT BALL.

Yale's Gross Receipts Were About \$70,000.

New Haven, Nov. 21.—Yale's football receipts for 1904 will be about \$70,000. The main features of the total are as follows:

Yale-Harvard game total, about \$62,000; Yale's share \$31,000. Yale-Princeton game, total \$14,000; Yale's share \$7,000. Yale-Columbia game, total \$22,000; Yale's share \$11,000, making a total of about \$64,000 for the three big games of the year. The receipts from the minor games will be about \$7,000, making the total for the season about \$70,000. What the expenses are has not been footed up yet, but there will be a big surplus at the end of the season.

Foot Ball Standing.

In points scored against her Dartmouth is second among the college football teams of the East, her total being 13. Pennsylvania is four; Yale, 20; Harvard, 28; Amherst, 27; Princeton, 34; West Point, 27; Annapolis, 27; Brown, 51.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

FINDING THE HOPE

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The British merchantman Hope had been lost on or near the Kerguelen islands, and I was one of the crew of the bark Lambley, sent out from Sydney, Australia, to pick up information as to her end.

Upon our arrival at the island, after a tedious voyage, the bark was anchored in a sheltered spot and two expeditions sent ashore to search the coast east and west. While they were at work the longboat was to run down the other side of the island and search some of the smaller ones. It was my luck to be detailed with one of the land parties, and as it was summer time, we had only a couple of muskets and our provisions to carry.

On the third day of the expedition, and when we had made about thirty miles, we came to what looked like a large river. The distance across was about a quarter of a mile and the water very deep. We headed inland for about a mile and then found that our river was but a finger of the sea, stopping short at the base of a range of cliffs. On the rocks and shingle on the east side lay a mass of wreckage. There were pieces of bulwark, an anchor, a broken rudder, a lot of chains and ropes and no end of planks and beams. Eighty rods away was a rude shelter constructed of boards taken from this heap, and to the hut we found several cooking utensils, a sailor's sou'wester, a broken compass and a seaman's chest. One of the boards used in the flooring had belonged to a ship's longboat, and the first thing to greet our eyes as we looked in was the name Hope.

The doomed vessel had driven into the bay with the gale and the tide and gone to pieces on the rocks before she could anchor. The turn of the tide had carried most of the wreckage out to sea, but there was more left than we could have turned over in a day. Just here the ground fell away to the south and was covered with stunted bushes. In searching among them we found two bales of cloth, black and rotten; two cabin stools, a sailor's mess kit and the skeleton of a man, with fragments of cloth still clinging to the bones. It was strange enough that the Hope should have been driven in to that narrow bay from the sea with a furious gale raging, but it was stranger yet that any of her crew had lived out the disaster. She was probably dismantled outside, and in being wave swept she lost most of her people, but two of the sailors certainly reached shore and lived on for weeks or months.

As we figured it out they had built the hut in company, and after dwelling together for awhile there was a quarrel and they separated. There were a few empty boxes and barrels to show that provisions had come ashore and been consumed, and there was plenty of fresh water at hand. The wreck

MOODY WILL REMAIN.

He Will Continue as Attorney General.

Washington, Nov. 21.—Attorney General Moody has decided to remain a member of President Roosevelt's cabinet. He may not serve the whole four years but he will stay long enough to make certain the continuance of present policies of the administration. Naturally, he will tender his resignation when the new administration comes in, but this will not be considered, excepting as the customary formality in such cases. This announcement was made officially this afternoon.

WHITNEY CONFERS WITH BOND.

Suggests Enlarging Scope of the Reciprocity Treaty.

St. John, N. F., Nov. 21.—Henry M. Whitney of Boston, who was here last week transferring the timber estate to the Harmsworths of London for pulp mills, started homeward this evening. While here Mr. Whitney had a series of conferences with Premier Bond respecting the Bond-Hay reciprocity treaty with a view to the enlarging of its scope and otherwise assisting to remove objection urged by Senator Lodge against its ratification.

Pay Your Fare or Walk.

New York, Nov. 21.—It is understood that the eastern railroads have acquiesced in the annual pass agreement reached by the executives of the western lines last Tuesday in St. Louis.

The plan which will be in effect for 1905 was practically the same as that used this year. Its main object is to prohibit the issuance of free or reduced transportation of any kind for the purpose of influencing or securing freight or passenger business.

THE GODDESS FROM THE MACHINE.

A Prima Donna's Quick and Easy Method of Making a Fortune.

Singing for phonograph seems to be as high-paid musical exercise as there is. A phonograph company has offered a prima donna, who sings at Metropolitan Opera House this winter, \$14,000 for four songs. That is, \$6,000 as soon as the songs are sung and \$2,000 a year for four years as a reward for not singing into any other machine. Great and many are the means of income of a goddess of grand opera. She could live splendidly on what she can get for using a pill, a perfume, a piano, or a phonograph.—With the Profession, Everybody's Magazine for December.

There is a remarkable portrait of John D. Rockefeller in the December McClure's which will be of general interest. It shows Mr. Rockefeller as he is today, the first real portrait of the man taken in many years. Mr. Rockefeller was 65 years old on July 8th, but in this picture, hairless and haggard, he looks many years older.



ALAN PRESSLEY WILSON

The nervous "break-down"

This condition is usually caused by overwork or mental strain and neglect.

When one overworks, the nerves are overworked. Then you "live on your nerves."

You can "live on your nerves" just so long—then the nerves protest in some form—"break down," "worn out," nervous prostration—all meaning just one thing.

Your nerves need attention. You must feed some new power to your nerves.

That is just what Paine's Celery Compound does. It feeds new power to the nerves and builds them back to healthy strength.

That is just why for the past 17 years Paine's Celery Compound has been the most universally used tonic in the world.

That is just exactly why brain workers keep themselves keen, healthy and vigorous by using Paine's Celery Compound.

Alan Pressley Wilson, a journalist of Baltimore, tells his experience in an interesting way—his experience is that of thousands upon thousands every year.

Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt. Gentlemen:—"Paine's Celery Compound has been the means of placing me on my feet after a continuous struggle against nervous prostration. When my wife died a short time ago I threw myself into my work with such energy as to cause a nervous breakdown, and my friends became very solicitous of my health. I tried various remedies and diets but seemed to grow worse. At times I became so despondent that I did not care to live if living meant such nervous debility. One day when I was exhausted by the nervous strain of my work I chanced to see in The Baltimore American the testimony of one who had been troubled with nerve depletion, but who, through the use of the famous Compound, was made well. I resolved to try it and I am delighted with the results. I can now do the work on my paper that I never thought possible. Journalistic work requires strong nerves and I have no fear that mine will fail me now."—Alan Pressley Wilson, 1635 Edmonson Ave.

Thousands of grateful patients tell of the un-failing effect of Paine's Celery Compound as a nerve vitalizer and tonic. Physicians, the world over, use and prescribe it and testify to wonderful cures.

One bottle will prove its wonderful properties—it gives almost instant effect. Let Paine's Celery Compound strengthen and restore your nerves, nourish your system, purify your blood and help you back to vigorous, buoyant health.

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WINE AGAINST DEATH.

Strange Wager of Mexicans War Veterans Nearing Decision.

A wager between wine and death made fifty-five years ago may soon be paid, says the Chicago Tribune. In the raft of a bank at Covington, Ind., reposes a bottle of ancient vintage, the contents of which will be drunk by the single survivor of a little band of twenty soldiers of the Mexican war. The wager is the most unique of the kind on record. After the close of hostilities with Mexico twenty of the veterans who went to the front from Fountain county, Ind., met in reunion. This was in 1849. It was voted to assemble yearly thereafter on Thanksgiving day.

At the first dinner a bottle of wine was presented to the little company, and in a half joking manner one suggested that the bottle remain uncorked until but one survivor remained, this one to quaff the wine to the memory of those gone before. The idea met with instant favor, and it was so agreed. Each year the annual dinner has been held, and each one more closely cemented the ties of comradeship formed on the plains of Mexico. For years at the annual gatherings the bottle has occupied a place of honor at

the head of the table and was annually the subject of merry jests and predictions as to who would be the last survivor to drink its contents. As the years passed and the little band became reduced in numbers the jests ceased, and instead the old soldiers who were left looked with awe and veneration upon the flask, regarding it as a link that binds them to the memory of those who have gone before.

Now there are seventeen who have crossed the dark river, leaving three who will likely assemble on next Thanksgiving day. Of the three who are left all are past eighty years of age, and all know full well that soon the strange compact made in 1849 must end. Each wonders to whom the lot will fall. In the yearly interval between the Thanksgiving day reunions the bottle of wine is kept safely under guard in the bank vault, but before many years it will be removed from its place of deposit for the last time. For fifty-five years it has been preserved, a pathetic memory of the shadowy past, but it will not be long until its mission will be fulfilled.

The Biggest Warship.

The British admiralty has ordered two new warships, one of which is to be known as the Lord Nelson. They are to be the biggest in the world, says the New York World. Each is to cost \$7,000,000, and each ship will carry four twelve-inch guns of increased power, gained by making them forty-five feet long. There will be ten guns of nine and one-half inch caliber, all on the upper deck, untouched save by the heaviest seas. Five torpedo tubes and a lot of small guns are added. The protective plates are twelve inches thick. The displacement is to be 16,500 tons, only a little above that of the King Edward class. Our heaviest ships, the Connecticut class, weigh 16,000 tons. The Lord Nelson is 410 feet long, but much wider than any merchant vessel, of which several are over 700 feet.

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M. QUAD.

DARK SCENES OF THE WAR

Grewsome Sights in Millet Fields of Liaoyang Plains.

THE MEANING OF BATTLE

Striking Endurance of a Wounded Japanese Soldier — Wounded Combatants Who Were No Longer Enemies.

All the kaoliang, that tall millet with its burden of grain at the top like tasseled corn, is being cut low on recent battlefields, writes the special correspondent of the New York Post from Liaoyang, in Manchuria, under the date of Oct. 4. On coming battlefields it stands in rows, in strips, in sparse clumps or harvested in towering stacks—in any design or condition that will serve to cover Japanese earthworks or sentries or assist in stealthy infantry reconnoitering or disclose the approach of the enemy. The Chinese farmers hasten to cut it as the armies dictate, glad to save some of their crop.

Children no bigger than a blade of the stalk, wearing nothing but a pig-tail down their backs and a narrow blue apron depending from the neck in front, give help with the sickle, and so do the elderly women, who have hitherto been so fearful of showing themselves that it appeared there were no women in Manchuria. Strong as any peasants are these women, delicately as they move on the tiny feet which the men have made them bind for centuries so they would never run away.

One of them in the plain before Liaoyang came upon a prostrate Japanese soldier. He looked dead, but he was merely in a last faint. It was twelve days subsequent to the end of the battle. The search parties had not found him. Now recruits passing on their way to supply the vacant places at the front were called. They got their first glimpse of what a battle may mean to an individual.

The unconscious soldier had been struck in the thigh by one bullet, and one tibia had been shattered by another. The recruits saw the attempts he made to bandage and dress his wounds with the "first aid" material which every soldier carries; they saw the wrappings brown with dried blood. Bent and broken millet within reach showed how he had fed himself during the twelve days of his painful isolation. He had eaten the tassels of grain at the top by pulling them down to his mouth. Exhausting one spot, he had only to drag himself a foot or two to be among plenty again. It was the want of water, of course, which tortured him most and which finally took his senses away. After arriving at the hospital he spoke of holding his mouth open to catch rain, of setting his cup for it, of making a hollow with a piece of khaki and of lapping dew from blades of the kaoliang in the morning. Yes, his shattered shin had ached, but lack of water to wet his tongue, that made him think he must die.

There are worse sights in the kaoliang. It gives one a shudder to see a flock of rooks settling and circling, and the tail down way in which pariah dogs—cousins of the Siberian wolf—emerge upon the pats as you are riding along needs no interpretation. In the busy days of burial many Russians were not placed very deep. Once in awhile you see a uniform containing a few bones beside a violated grave. The other day, as the attaches were being shown the positions the first army fought for, the

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and you have been cured of your cough or cold by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, there are no unpleasant after-effects. This old-time remedy is effectual and harmless.

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whole party surprised a dog tugging hard at something. It ran, leaping, and there lay a poor Cossack, wholly uncovered, with one trouser torn away, revealing—well, soldiering is not merely a parade through waving flags and cheering friends, singing dear songs of country under beautiful starlight beside glowing campfires, nor even all shooting and getting decently shot.

Another episode, which, however, I cannot describe at first hand, was this which comes through General Füll of the Kuroki army: Several wounded men lay on a hillside after a night charge. Six were Japanese and seven were Russian. They saw one another and crept together and stretched themselves side by side to keep warm. One Russian whose hurt was in the arm offered to steal down the hill to water and fill all the canteens. He had gone only a little distance when he was shot by comrades who could not distinguish his uniform. Another Russian volunteered. He got safely out of sight, but he never returned. The Japanese got him. The rest of the men could not walk, so all lay quietly in one group, enemies no longer. In the morning they were found by a patrol and cared for in the same hospital.

After the Liaoyang battle one missed the numerous curling smokes which heretofore had risen from a fighting place that had been won. One missed also those tandem couples of soldiers bearing between them on a pole a heavy box of ashes. There were so many dead at Liaoyang and it took so long to find them that only officers were incinerated. The ash of the hard part of their throats was preserved and shipped back to be buried in Japan, but the men of common rank had to be buried in quickly dug trenches holding sixty or eighty each.

Bad In Letter Writing.

The latest bad among women who vary their forms of letter writing every little while is to use Roman numerals for dates, says the New York Press. It is a puzzling proceeding, too, for to see a note of Nov. 11, for example, dated XI, XI, MCMIV, is quite as confusing as the illegible scrawls of the average fashionable woman's handwriting.

Cigar Boxes.

There are something like 15,000,000 cigar boxes used in the United States annually.

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